

# SIGN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

By Herbert Kaufman

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## Who Threw the Brick?

*We'll grant at the outset that you're not really malicious. As folks go you're just as kindly and gentle and sympathetic and charitable as the next man.*

*Tucked away in odd corners of your heart there are all sorts of sentimental impulses. Chances are in your whole life-time you never sat down and deliberately schemed a cold-blooded campaign of slander against your worst enemy. And it's just because you are so that you're such a menace to the community.*

*Irresponsible fools cause more trouble to the world than all the organized forces of malice and disorder and crime.*

*There now, don't begin to sputter and protest. We expected you to grow excited when you were indicted.*

*You quite honestly believe that this is an undeserved arraignment; you're quite sincere in your belief that you're harmless.*

*And when you sent Brown down the slope of ruin—even then you didn't realize the ultimate consequences of your thoughtless assault upon his reputation.*

*It happened in this wise: One morning Jones and you were riding down town, and having no better subject for conversation you indulged in the usual banalities—the market, police, the weather—and then quite accidentally Brown's name came up and you suddenly remembered, without recalling when or where or from whom you had heard it, that Brown was "wandering from the straight and narrow path." You didn't pause to consider the source of your information. You just reached down casually—and for lack of something better to do or say, picked up a handful of mud and smeared it all over his name—and then forgot all about it and went on your way without one qualm of conscience.*

*Now Brown is down and out—credit and business gone to pot.*

*Rumor did it—rumor, inspired by a babbling, blithering ass.*

*We've been trailing the fatal lie back to its author. We've picked up the brick that did the trick. We don't blame the man who hurled it, but the man who made it. You're the responsible party.*

*Within an hour after Jones left you he'd passed the slander on to Wilson; and week after week and month after month—exaggerated by the seeming corroboration of this man and that, gossip grew into murder.*

*You talk too much. You accept too many uninvestigated bits of hearsay as conclusive evidence. You hold the honor of other men far too lightly.*

*Every day a knowing wink, or a suggestive shrug or an insinuating smile from fools of your sort brings disaster to honest citizens and shame upon decent womanhood.*

*We're all occasional busybodies.*

*It's a far cry back to the days of the Roman Coliseum, but once in a while we revert to the ancient instincts of our distant forbears, and ere we can check ourselves down goes the thumb, and along with it somebody's reputation.*

*The world isn't half so black as it's painted. There'd be far less suffering and pessimism on earth if we'd set out to find the best in folks half as hard as we search for the worst.*

## With Foot Ball Season in Full Swing High Schools Are Battling for Championship

**THE Trials of a High School Boy Who Tries for the Team—Few Realize the Amount of Courage That Goes Into the Preparation of a Championship Series—The Work of the Various Coaches—How the High School Teams Compare—The "Old Grads" Often Take a Hand in the Coaching—The First Training of the High School Foot Ball Player and How He Develops—Differences Between Modern High School Foot Ball and the Old Style of Play.**



VERY high school pupil in the city is now keyed to the top-notch for the big foot ball series—the inter-high school event—which each year makes thousands of old grads forget that base ball ever existed or that political campaigns are among things mundane. With two of the events already settled, the enthusiasm among the different schools waxed greater as each scheduled date approached. The youngsters, trained to the last moment, are prepared to fight to a desperate finish that the school colors may lead—er, if not lead, at least avoid the ignominy of a cellar championship.

Few people realize the amount of heroism—real, epic courage—that goes into the preparation of one of these series. Boys but shortly out of short trousers dread their school patriotism until a broken leg would be gladly welcomed if it meant the game. Only the revised rules that govern the high school games prevent the games from taking the aspect of grueling punishment.

Even little Eastern, outgunned by every team with the possible exception of Western, is ready to fight for honors this year. Eastern hasn't won a championship since—well, since the memory of man runseth not to the contrary. That doesn't prevent the courageous youngsters of Eastern from working like Trojans this year in the development of a team, which, if light, will also be lightning fast. Technical, with its veteran coach, C. W. Hecox, is ready to wrest the championship from Central, which Central, under the guidance of John Thomas, a "math" professor, who but recently removed the foot ball armor of Lafayette College, is ready to debate the matter with Tech to the ultimate degree. Over at Business the double-entry bookkeeping has gone by the boards as the bright young stars consider the efficacy of the forward pass, and Western, under the guidance of one of its old-time stars, Bryan Morse, is prepared to place another championship record alongside the one of several years ago.

The cross outsider doesn't more than

half realize the amount of hard work that goes into the preparation of one of these teams. For a month the boys have been on the nearest field, driving through practice, working to correct the blunders that occur before the forward pass shall have been reduced to perfection, learning to tackle hard without using the old and deadly tying tackle, and generally slaving in a manner that must arouse envy from the ghosts of such Spartans as hang around foot ball fields. During the last few weeks the alumni have returned to their own. The star halfback of '06 sneaks from his law office and gets out to give the boys a few pointers in the sublime art of line plunging. The man who won a name for himself at center is found on the fields during the afternoon minus coat and vest, as he explains hoarsely to a youngster the art of maintaining his balance while passing the ball.

One day's afternoon in practice is enough to give a middle-aged business man heart failure. If he could see his son—who only a week ago protested like an abused martyr against putting in the coal-diving after a fellow player, dropping him with a dull thud, lining up, breaking the interference and generally moiling like a galley slave, he would probably call for a hack and drive home in a state bordering on collapse.

The crowd gets out early in the afternoon. Hardly has school been dismissed

than the players make a rush for the lockers, paw through the outfits and emerge in a miraculously short span of time to take the practice.

Once out they are lined up in a ring. The ball is snapped rapidly from one to



C. W. HECOX,  
Coach of Technical Eleven.

another. One man misses it and drops out. The rest continue the "warming up" practice until the ball is whizzing from one to another like a young cannon ball. Then comes the first sad moment of the day. The more inexperienced youngsters are lined up on the field that every coach insists upon.

Recently one of the coaches, when his charges were lined up, opened his remarks in this manner:

"It doesn't make any difference how well a team sticks together if the men can't follow the ball. There's no use practicing a forward pass if the men on the team aren't on hand when the pass goes wrong. Princeton won a championship from two stronger teams because one man was trained to follow the ball when his side had it, and the other man was simply supposed to keep his eye on the ball when the other side had it. The latter man stopped the offense



IRVING HOWARD,  
Captain of Western.

from getting a clear field. The former, when his opportunity came, found his clear field and won two games."

Thus the first art is falling on the ball. To the uninitiated this sounds comparatively easy. All you have to do is to run after the ball as it rolls along, leap upon it and clutch it madly to you. But a foot ball is the worst shaped of anything known to geometry for purposes of capture.

The coach shoots the ball down the field and the inexperienced young man springs madly after it. Just as he prepares to dive, the ball gives a little hop on one end, bounds into the air and eludes the chaser. He tries again. This time the dive is made just as the ball is standing on end, and one of its leather tips is jammed into the side of the diver.

"Have you got it?" calls the coach, anxiously.

"No," gasps the diver, reaching frantically for air. "It's got me."

A third young man sprints for the ball and catches it—mostly with his face. So it goes for weeks and weeks, until the



SYLVAN KING,  
Captain of Central.

### HIGH SCHOOL FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.—1912—

Date.	Teams.
Oct. 22—Western vs. Business.	
Oct. 25—Central vs. Eastern.	
Oct. 29—Technical vs. Eastern.	
Nov. 1—Business vs. Eastern.	
Nov. 5—Technical vs. Central.	
Nov. 8—Western vs. Eastern.	
Nov. 12—Business vs. Central.	
Nov. 15—Eastern vs. Technical.	
Nov. 19—Central vs. Western.	
Nov. 22—Technical vs. Business.	

youngsters have gotten to the point where they can tell intuitively what a rolling ball is going to do. Then the face of the coach calms his lights up and he begins to give his exclusive attention to the finer points of the game. Examples are never wanting when it comes to teaching the youngsters the game.

There is, for instance, the matter of interference. Several years ago Technical High School developed a team which, though very heavy, was slow. The coach at once gave up ideas of speed and developed the team into one of the most perfect offensive machines that the school has ever seen. It was in the days when



W. O. McCAFFREY,  
Coach of Eastern.

tackle formations were much in vogue. On these tackle plays the team would get under way slowly and irresistibly—much like a steam roller. A fumble seemed impossible. The backs would plow through the line solidly and like a single unit. Behind would come the man with the ball. The combined weight crushed everything before it. It wasn't speed. It was perfect unity of action and absolute accuracy in handling the ball.

"A fast team," said one coach recently, "isn't good unless it is accurate. Two fumbles may ruin a whole afternoon of brilliant play. Get the ball first, play together and we'll get the speed afterward."

At the present time the foot ball season does not represent the terrible grind for the boys players that it did in years gone by. There are lots of "grads" who will remember the famous game won by Technical High School by a score of 10 to 0—a game which started out to be of two thirty-five-minute halves and which was played until both teams, exhausted and barely able to stand, stopped the game in the second half, with eleven minutes to play. That was the historic game when the Central fullback entered the game



"CUPPY" FARMER,  
Coach of Business.

swathed in bandages from a desperate battle only shortly before with the heavier team from Gallaudet. It was the same when one Central player played until he had come, and then was carried from the field with some of his ribs broken. Whether that old-time spirit was for better or worse is a matter that the graduates and foot ball experts will argue until the crack of doom.

School spirit as it exists in the different high schools today takes the place of the training table in college. The players toil as hard for the sake of the school—harder, perhaps—than the great college stars whose names flame into print about Thanksgiving time. Day after day they are out on the fields, the older boys helping the younger ones, the green freshman getting encouragement from the captain, to whom he looks with the reverence of the neophyte for the archbishop, and everybody pulling together.

There is the story of one man who came out for Central about ten years ago. He was as big as a house and about as awkward as a house would be if it tried to play foot ball. More than that, he knew he was awkward. His tremen-



PAUL CAHILL,  
Captain of Eastern.

dous strength was combined with self-consciousness, and the combination seemed fatal to any ambitions he might hold of becoming a foot ball player. On the back lots during his school days he had been ridiculed of the field. More agile lads dumped him heavily, while everybody laughed. The secret of the thing was that in foot ball parlance he "didn't know how to use his beef."

He came out for the Central team and the coach spotted him the first thing. There was no laughing when he came out, nervously and diffidently. The coach made clear to him that playing foot ball was a business to be learned as thoroughly as any other business. The coach got him in a corner and showed him the mystery of judging the ball as it rolled along the ground. He taught him to catch swiftness—punts—and hold them. He showed him how to tackle. That man went through high school, won one championship for his team and then became the star half of a great university. A little less school spirit and tolerance from the coach, who was a Central graduate himself, and that foot ball player would have been listed with the many failures.

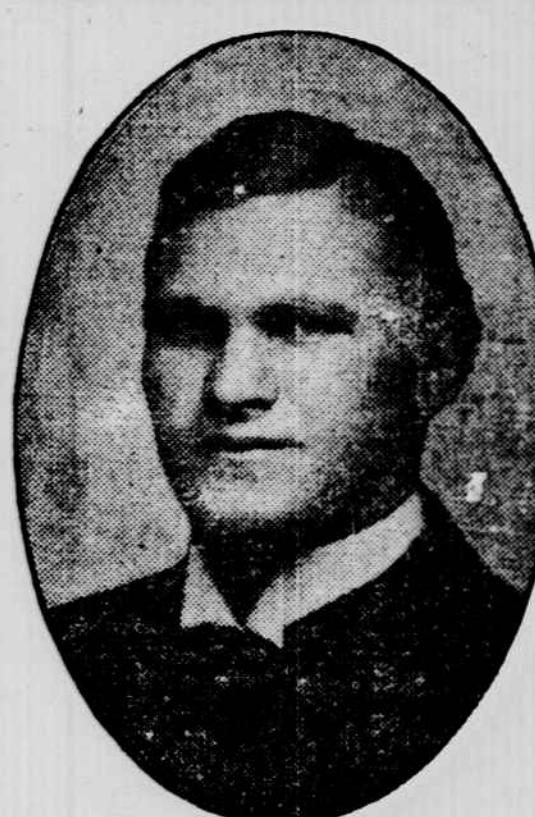
At Western they have great belief in the theory that a graduate of the school can aid the team more than an outsider. That explains why Bryan Morse was chosen. Morse was in his day one of the fastest quarterbacks the high schools ever knew. Morse has ideas of his own with regard to coaching of teams. He gets the captain into his confidence and



CARL ECKENDORF,  
Captain of Technical.

with the captain he works on the rest of the team, much as if he were a candidate for some position himself. The idea of picking a team and sticking to it—developing stars it is called—doesn't appeal to him either. He believes in shifts. In making the boys all right for their positions, so that the best man can go in when the series is finally begun. He is ably assisted in the work by having Howard, the team's captain.

Tech—otherwise known as the McKinley Manual Training School—is developing one of those solid fighting machines for which it is famous. C. W. Hecox, the oldest coach in point of service now connected with any Washington high school, has come to know his men so well that he has a handicap—or, at least, it would appear to be a handicap—on his rivals. The team will not be as heavy, probably, as some of the other teams in days gone by. The average weight is estimated at 120 pounds. But the old "Hecox system" of training will make up for any deficiency in weight, the school believes. "The boys are enthusiastic this year," said Coach Hecox; "they have confidence



JOHN THOMAS,  
Coach of Central High School.

that the championship is coming back here."

"And you?" he was asked. "I never make predictions," he smiled. "It's better to wait."

One of the strange things about the high school series is the "championship" within a "championship" game between Central and Tech. It is like the Yale-Harvard feud. Tracing back through history you find its beginning in the opening of the younger technical high school. Numerous Central boys went to the new school and vowed they would make old Central look pale. Those who remained took the oath to uphold the tradition of the older school and thrash Tech, though they failed in all else.

Hence, each year you find these two schools getting ready for each other. Not that either Central or Tech wants to get whipped by another school. They are out for the championship. But their conversation is what "is going to happen" to Central or Tech, as the case may be. Even now the Tech and Central men are figuring out man for man how they stand with Central, and the Central pupil can prove to you, with the aid of pencil and



BRYAN MORSE,  
Western High School Coach.

paper, just how the Central backs are going to tear the Tech line-apo shreds.

Just now Tech's captain, Carl Eckendorf, is firmly convinced that nothing short of an epidemic of disease among the players can prevent Tech from landing the championship. Those who have seen the team in action declare his example of untiring energy and his willingness to get out and help the feeblest member of the squad has inspired the whole team to work like Trojans.

Central this year will probably average more than 150 pounds, according to present figures. Heading the squad is Capt. Sylvan King, the possessor of a name that is famous in the annals of Central's foot ball history. He was one of the stars of last year's wonderful team and is supported by a crowd of veterans, last particularly good. Coach Thomas is one of those men who gets out with the team and shows them how. It isn't advice with him, it's practical demonstration. And if his college record means anything he should be able to pull the team through in grand shape.

Eastern's team is going to fight for speed and pray for cool, dry days during the series. It averages less than 140 pounds. Nevertheless, Capt. Paul Cahill, short of an epidemic of disease among the players, is going to lead the team. Coach W. O. McCaffrey are living in hopes that a fast field will enable the boys from southeast to show the rest of the team a few things in the way of speed. Much of Eastern's hope is in the efficiency of the forward pass and those allied movements that go with it.

Business, as guided by "Cuppy" Farmer, will also have a fast but light team. Coach Farmer has had the boys of this school on the jump since early September, and they have rounded out into a well balanced, fast moving aggregation. Capt. "Bones" Schaefer, with the aid of the new coach, is living happily in that continued dream of Business foot ball championships to go with its famous base ball trophy.

**The Vandal.**

SENATOR DEWEY was deprecating certain contemplated changes in the Constitution.

"To break up the venerable Constitution like that," he said with a smile, "smacks of vandalism, and recalls Tom Tunkin to my mind."

"Tom, traveling in Italy with a friend, said one day in Naples:

"Well, we've done Naples thoroughly—Aquarium and Arcade, Pompeii and Vesuvius. Let's get on to Florence."

"Oh, the deuce with Florence," his friend growled. "There's no cafe life there, nor nothing."

"Look here," said Tom Tunkin sternly, "a man tours Europe for something a little bit more elevating than cafe life. I'm going on to Florence. If I go alone, I've got to get a chunk of Michelangelo's famous statue of David for my souvenir collection."

**A Barometer.**

A RETIRED army officer tells a story American war.

"This captain," said he, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in sight."

After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, he became notorious, and it is said that he once overheard from the hospital tent two newboys talking about him.

"Juan," said the first boy, "we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow."

"How do you know that?" Pepe, the second boy, asked.

"Capt. Blanc," was the reply, "is sick again."